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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe

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To a Troubled One.

'Let not your heart be troubled.'

(Jean H. Watson, in the 'Christian.')

'Let not your heart be troubled,'
Though thy noon-day sun has set,
And the twilight shadows fall upon thy way;
Through the gloom his love will lead thee
The wicked seem to prosper and increase.
'The Lord is King for ever.'
Let thy heart be satisfied.
He will give, 'mid grief and tribulation, peace.
Believe in God—thou wilt not
Find his promises to fail.
Believe in Christ—He pleads for thee
Are subject to his will.
Believe in Christ—He still has power
To whisper 'Peace be still.'

'Let not your heart be troubled,'
Though thou canst not see his face,
He hath not left thee comfortless and lone.
He has only gone before thee,
To prepare a resting-place.
And thou shalt follow soon where He has gone.
Believe in God—thy darkest hour
His faithfulness will bless.
Believe in Christ—He loves thee with
A matchless tenderness.

—From 'Footsteps of the Master,' Published by Thomas Nelson & Son, London.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

On to greater glory yet,
If thou wilt but trust Him fully and obey.
Believe in God and He will lead
Thy faltering footsteps right;
Believe in Christ and He will make
The darkest places light.

'Let not your heart be troubled,'
Though around on every side
On high, within the vail.

'Let not your heart be troubled,'
Though the angry billows swell,
And He bids thee come to Him upon the sea.
In the doing of his bidding
Thou wilt find that all is well,
And the angry main a pathway safe shall be.
Believe in God—the winds and waves

Thinking of Others.

Love bids us think of the other man. 'Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to the weak.' There are some people who are not as strong as you are. They think it wrong to eat these dedicated meats. But if they see you eating them, they may be emboldened to partake themselves. Thus, through the influence of your example, they would violate their own conscience and thus sin. So, 'Through thy knowledge he that is weak perisheth, the brother for whose sake Christ died.' Paul knew he had liberty to eat these meats, yet he must think of the other man, and he must yield his liberty when there is the smallest danger that if he claimed it he must cause a weak brother to sin. So his conclusion was, 'Wherefore, if meat maketh my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh forever more, that I cause not my brother to stumble.'

This principle St. Paul states in the words of our lesson: 'All things are lawful; but not all things are expedient. All things are lawful; but not all things edify. Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good.' We are Christ's, but we are Christ's for love and service. Our Master does not want us to spend our time merely in praising him in words and songs. He wants us to go out into the world and do our work. He wants us to live to serve others. No matter how independent of others we may be in our earthly condition or circumstances, as Christians, we are under bondage to all, to every man, woman, and child. We are to love all, and love means readiness to deny ourselves in any necessary way in order to do good.

We are not to seek our own, but each one his neighbor's good. Elsewhere St. Paul says, 'To the weak I become weak, that I might gain the weak.' There are many weak people in this world. Some have narrow views or imperfect consciences, and are hard to get along with. Some are weak morally, unable to resist temptation. Some are weak in character—sensitive, touchy, easily offended. Some are weak in mind, unable to grasp the truth. Some are unreasonable, obstinately attached to certain views and uncharitable to those who do not think just as they do. A wise winner of souls must know how to deal with all these classes. To the weak he must become weak. That is, he must accommodate himself to their feelings, prejudices, frailities, even to their whims and caprices, to their narrowness, touchiness and

sensitiveness. It requires great patience, gentleness, and tact, to do this. It is easy to get impatient and cross with people, with their unreasonableness or their narrowness and uncharitableness. It is easy to be offended by their whims and prejudices. But if we yield to this we shall do little good in the world. We must condescend to people's weaknesses and never weary in trying to help them.

One of Coventry Patmore's poems teaches in a pathetic way a lesson which many of us need to learn. A father had punished his little son and put him to bed. The boy's mother, who had been very patient, was now dead. Unhappy himself, after his lack of patience with the child, the father went to his room afterward and found him sleeping, with all the queer and trivial contents of a little boy's pocket set out beside him to comfort him—

'So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
"Ah! when at last we lie with tranced
breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good—
Then, Fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast molded from the
clay,
Thou'll leave thy wrath and say,
'I will be sorry for this childishness.'"'—The Westminster Teacher.'

A Great Prayer for Individual Conversion.

Norman Smith, Jr., of Hartford, Conn., was accustomed to take part of the apprentices whom he had in business into his family, that he might watch over their moral and religious welfare. They were always present at family worship. He had occasion to leave home for a week or ten days, and his wife, who had been searching her heart of late, and endeavoring to make a perfect consecration of herself to the Lord, suddenly found this question raised in her mind, 'Are you willing to pray in your family during the absence of your husband?' She shrank from such a trial, for she was young, her disposition was retiring and timid, and the apprentices were from sixteen to twenty years of age. Her mental distress was great, but she wisely carried the matter before the Lord. Leaving all her household matters with her widowed mother, who resided with her, she gave up the day to prayer from the morning hour, and it was not till late in the afternoon that, alone in her room with God, she felt that she had gained the victory and was prepared for the dreaded duty.

Then great peace came into her soul at once and she realized the privilege of presenting those young men to God in prayer. To use her own words, 'In the morning worship I had only to open my mouth, and God filled it. The room, and even the house, seemed so full of God that it was impressed on my mind that God was willing to do a work in the family. So I invited Dr. E. P. Barrows to call at tea time, and converse with the young men. He did so, and one of them gave his heart to God during the conversation; and before the week was out two others did the same as did three of their companions in the next house. One of them soon began to prepare for the ministry, and is now a settled pastor.' When her husband returned to the city, he did not follow his usual custom of going first to the store, but came directly to the house. Mrs. Smith said to him: 'I am afraid you will not believe what has taken place in the family during your absence, if I tell you.' He replied: 'I am prepared to believe anything; for my mental exercises were such, while I was away, that I knew that something had taken place, and I came directly to the house, without going to the store, that I might learn what had occurred.' And this was the beginning of a precious revival of religion.

Mrs. Smith not many years after that was left a widow, with three young daughters. She says: 'I had an uncommon burden for the early conversion of my children. I retired every evening to my room for special prayer on this subject. One night, while I was pleading for covenant blessings upon them, a voice seemed to speak to me. "If you have evidence that you are a child of God, then you have a right to the blessing of the covenant for your children." I said, "Yes, Lord, I am Thine," and then I pleaded for my children. I did not expect an immediate answer, yet it was but a short time before they were all converted by the quiet leading of the Spirit.' And that mother's prayer continued to be answered in the use to which God put these daughters. One became the wife of a minister of Christ, a second was the widely known Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York City, whose spiritual character and extended Christian influence in a high social position were of such value; and the third has pursued quiet walks of usefulness amid the churches and Christian enterprises of her native city.—William W. Patton, D.D., in 'Prayer and its Remarkable Answers.'

Religious News.

The Christians of little Denmark have shown a remarkable missionary zeal ever since its king sent out the first German missionaries to India more than two hundred years ago. The largest missionary society supported by this zeal is the Danish Missionary Society, which was founded in 1821 and is carrying on most prosperous work in India and in China (Manchuria). In India, 19 European and 73 native missionary laborers are employed upon 8 stations, while in Manchuria 15 European and 5 native missionary laborers proclaim the Gospel from 5 centres. In both fields the educational work proves of great help to the spread of the Gospel, and the Danish missionaries in India do not hesitate to declare that the missionary schools open the way for the ambassador of Christ better than any other human agency.

From Manchuria the Danish missionaries report that the Russo-Japanese War, though it interrupted the work for a season, has been helpful to it. Port Arthur, reopened in 1906, has become the chief station, where the work is much aided by the kind and courteous attitude of the Japanese officials. There are two Chinese out-stations—the one at Djin-dov, with 8,000 Chinise inhabitants; the other at Dalni, where 8,000 Japanese and 5,000 Chinese are gathered. The preaching of the Gospel at both places is well attended (at Djin-dov twice every day), though mainly by men of the lower classes. Medical missionary work has been commenced in Andung, on the Yalu river, and proves most helpful in reaching the masses of heathen. In Kvan Ijaen a new chapel has been built and opened upon the very place where stood the old chapel, which was burned by the Boxers.

Work in Labrador.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

SS. 'Stratheona,' June 16, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—The Newfoundland sea blood is always showing itself in our various undertakings. How many have been away to New York, Boston and Montreal, and have returned for the fishery, no one can say. But every year one meets again friends of former years whom bad fisheries have driven out of their homes, and who have been forced to return again by the imperious 'call of the wild,' or as the British should be proud to say the 'call of the sea.' Here is a man who has been getting his five dollars a day in Boston—in smart clothes and the latest thing in hats, he is just spending on the purchase and outfit of a schooner the money he has made during the years since he had to leave. To-morrow he will be in a blue guernsey, and you will be able to see the fine outline of his stalwart figure as he walks the deck of his own craft, bound 'northward, ho!' for the Labrador fishery. No, it is not likely he will fare as sumptuously as he did in Boston—duffel will replace broadcloth, salt meat will replace steaks and chops; but he will again feel on his face the breath of the north Atlantic unbefiled by a thousand chimneys and the dust of miles of streets—unchanged with human effluvia—the inevitable penalties of civilization. He will not return at night with five dollars to the good, nor turn in to rest at night with the knowledge that he can walk to a spot where another five is to be earned by the repetition of the same work he did yesterday, and the day before, and which is worth five dollars every time he does it again. But will feel that he is master of his own fortunes, that there will be scope for all his ingenuity and possibly all his energy and pluck. Life will team with incidents, and he will get a 'spell' (or rest) just when he pleases. He will have failures and sorrows, but then who has not? He may feel the pinch of temporary poverty, but that is not more likely than in many another calling, and he may 'get ahead' and do well. The call is in him and needs no bounties to foster it, no adventitious aids to induce him to follow the calling of the sea. It came out in our herders on the arrival of the first craft from the south. One, who was only on probation, promptly resigned, as he 'must go fishing.' The other held on a day or two, and then wrote me a most sorrowful note stating his love for the deer, and his faith in their future, but adding he knew he wouldn't survive a summer on the land, he hadn't been used to it and the mosquitoes were a danger he could not face. Only his written bond held him—though he begged to come back during the coming winter. It was just the lure of the sea, and I feel really sorry for him as I myself shall let go the hawsers to-morrow for sea, for every glimpse of the blue ocean that he catches as he follows the deer over the hills will speak so loudly, and find such an echo in his heart. I know he will be pining for that which I also value so highly.

The herd of reindeer that left us in winter were purchased for the great new enterprise of the Harmsworths, in manufacturing pulp. The humble share of the reindeer at first will be to carry supplies and communication to the more distant logging camps in the woods. The project is a large one, and involves two thousand three hundred square miles of timber. A huge river has been dammed, a great waterfall bridled, a new town built, steamers put on lakes, trains and rails over land, prospecting has revealed copper and other metals on the estate and shafts are being rapidly sunk. Soon an additional thousand men will be engaged, and as much as a hundred and fifty tons of pulp made in a day. The timber will be so managed as to recuperate itself, while it is cut, and the enterprise should be able to last in perpetuity. It is characteristic of modern empire builders, and if similar enterprises, now plotted for similar work, in this ancient colony go ahead, there will be great days ahead for our fishermen, for they can fish during open water and then go lumbering when navigation is not possible. Shall we not thus be a race of even more desirable human beings than those who can only sail the seas? The dock, a floating pontoon arrangement, has just sunk and discharged my steamer and a small schooner ready for sea. As I went to the chart room door a barquentine flying the British flag passed into harbor in tow of a tug. Her gib boom, bowsprit, bows and fore rail were all gone, and she had obviously been in collision with what I hear was an iceberg of enormous size. In spite of a badly leaking bow, with the pumps going hard, she managed to reach land, as we got under way for sea.

Fortunately we had no faith in omens or it being a Friday also we might have delayed sailing. The boundary line between Faith and Superstition is so narrow and undefinable some one might reply, 'Why, then; have you faith in Christ enough to induce you to accept the missionary life?' I freely admit to such, I accepted the name and the life on no more solid ground than that on which I eat my dinner and go to sleep at night, viz., in faith. It seems, however, a reasonable faith. It contravenes nothing that I know of as facts. Experience teaches me that this faith is a surer means to obtain results that I have learnt to desire above all these than any other I know of.

W. T. GRENFELL.

The tongue is a blab: there cannot be any kind of folly, either simple or wicked, in the heart but the tongue will betray it. He cannot be wise that speaks much, or without sense, or out of season; nor he known for a fool that says nothing.—Joseph Hall.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 1908.

David Spares Saul's Life.

I. Sam. xxvi., 17-25. Memory verse, 21. Read I. Sam. xxi.-xxvi.

Golden Text.

Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.—Luke vi., 27.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 24.—I. Sam xxi., 1-15.
Tuesday, August 25.—I. Sam. xxii., 1-23.
Wednesday, August 26.—1. Sam. xxiii., 1-29.
Thursday, August 27.—I. Sam. xxiv., 1-22.
Friday, August 28.—I. Sam. xxv., 1-22.
Saturday, August 29.—I. Sam. xxv. 23-44.
Sunday, August 30.—I. Sam. xxvi., 1-25.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

No better introduction for this lesson need be asked for than is found in the story of David's escape and his securing of Goliath's sword for his own use. It may convey a useful lesson if the teacher pauses to show how the lie that David told in order to secure it and other assistance from the priest resulted in the murder of the priests by Saul. There was no need for the lie. David was in God's hands and might have trusted God to care for him, but he told the lie and had the sorrow of knowing that the death of all these priests lay at his door (I. Sam. xxii., 22). The six chapters that are considered in connection with this lesson afford an abundant supply of story material for the half hour's study. David's living in dark caves and being hunted from place to place, his rescue of the city of Keilah (Chap. xxiii., verse 1), his narrow escape on one occasion (chap. xxiii., verse 26), Jonathan's visit to David (Chap. xxiii., verse 16), the first sparing of Saul's life (Chap. xxiv.), and the incident of Nabal's churlishness, are all subjects of interest. These chapters cover some fourteen years of David's life.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It has often been remarked by Christians when reading the Psalms that the many prayers of David that God should destroy his enemies and make them fall into their own traps, spoil the otherwise beautiful hymns of praise and trust and show a religion greatly inferior to that taught by Christ, but in our lesson to-day there is fair evidence that David's religion was lived on a higher plane than such expressions would indicate. He may pray and with justice, that God would plead his cause, that God would remove his enemies and give him peace and opportunity to worship God again at His tabernacle, but he would not take such vengeance into his own hands, and even in the case of his just anger against Nabal he is thankful to be brought to a better mind by the advice of Abigail (Chap. xxv., 32, 33). It is a mighty tribute to his character that after years of causeless and bitter persecution, pushed so far that it was necessary even to remove his aged parents from the power of Saul's hatred (I. Sam. xxii., 3, 4), David could still be so amenable to a gentle word from a woman, could still leave the ungrateful city of Keilah without executing on it some sort of revenge, could so gently remonstrate with Saul, and so lovingly cling to his own land where alone he fancied God could be truly worshipped (Chap. xxvi., verse 19), and was not driven to the life of a mercenary in command of a large band of men, such a life as would have been remunerative and carried him into high honor at a larger court than that of Israel (I. Sam. xxvii.; xxviii., 1, 2; xxix). Say that he had in mind his destiny as Israel's king,—all the more honor that no act of his strove to force the prophecy to fulfilment, and it is evident also that there was a real temptation for him to accept the honor Achish would have given him in the Philistine court. I. Chron. xii., 1-22 will give some further idea of the numbers and class of men who resorted to David during his exile, and II. Sam. xxiii., 13-17 will show the spirit of devotion there was among them for their leader.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 19. Go, serve other gods. In ancient times a stranger must attach himself to some tribe or family in order to be protected. But attachment to a tribe or family meant partaking in its sacra—its religious rites; for this was what constituted a tribe's distinction, or that of a family. Hence the stranger who went to a foreign country must perforce take part in the religion of the country and serve its gods. A great deal has been made of David's expression 'They have driven me out this day from abiding in the inheritance of the Lord (that is, the land of Israel) saying, Go serve other gods.' According to these words, abiding in another land is equivalent to serving other gods. The The phraseology rests merely on the fact that in foreign lands other gods were worshipped; it contains no proof that other gods had any reality. At most it might be supposed to imply that Jehovah was God only of Israel, but could not be found in foreign lands. It is possible that the phrase might have had this meaning, but it had no such sense in Jeremiah's days, for he counsels the exiles to pray for the peace of the land of their exile.—A. B. Davidson.

22. Behold the spear. I noticed at all the encampments which we passed that the sheik's tent was distinguished from the rest by a tall spear stuck upright in the ground in front of it; and it is the custom, when a party is out on an excursion for robbery or for war, that when they halt to rest, the spot where the chief reclines or sleeps is thus designated. No one ventures to travel over these deserts without his cruse of water (verses 12 and 16), and it is very common to place one at the 'bolster,' so that the owner can reach it during the night. The Arabs eat their dinner in the evening, and it is generally of such a nature as to create thirst, and the quantity of water which they drink is enormous. The cruse is therefore in perpetual demand.—Thomson, 'The Land and the Book.'

23. I would not put forth my hand against Jehovah's anointed. What an admirable spirit of self-restraint and patience David showed in being willing to bear all the risk and pain of a most distressing position, until it should please God to bring to him the hour of deliverance. Into how many sins have men been betrayed through unwillingness to wait for God's time! A young man embarks in the pursuit of commerce; but the gains to be derived from ordinary business come in far too slowly for him; he makes haste to be rich, engages in gigantic speculations, plunges into frightful gambling, and in a few years brings ruin on himself and all connected with him. How many sharp transactions continually occur just because men are impatient, and wish to hurry on some consummation which their hearts are set on! Have not murders often taken place just to hasten the removal of some who occupied places that others were eager to fill?—W. R. Nicoll, 'Expositor's Bible.'

David's victory over Goliath and the Philistines, and even all his victories combined are lesser triumphs than his victory over the spirit of revenge.

'Respect takes nothing from our stature,' says Mr. Charles Wagner. 'Do you think that in bowing modestly to an old man as you pass him, or to a distinguished citizen, you have sacrificed a part of your dignity? On the contrary, in bowing to him you have added to your stature. In knowing what is honorable, you do yourself honor: failing in respect where it is due, you do yourself dishonor. The lowest of human beings is he who has no respect for anything or anybody; he has descended so abjectly far that he has no longer even a sense of what is beautiful, noble, and exalted, or of what deserves admiration, enthusiasm, and reverence.

'A man's respect increases or decreases with his conception of his own dignity. The more a man is worth in his own eyes, the more willingly does he respect men or institutions which personify human nature and society. When he has lost faith in his higher self, in his worth as a moral being,—in his soul, in short,—he loses the basis of respect. Nothing appears worthy of reverence.'

Capacity for admiration is altogether admirable, as incapacity for admiration is altogether despicable.—Lyman Abbott.

Bible References.

Rom. xii., 18-21; Luke vi., 27, 28; Prov. xxv., 28; I. Pet. ii., 17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 30.—Topic—Foreign missions: Cyrus Hamlin, and missions in Turkey. I. Cor. ix., 13-23.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 24.—Fulfilling God's law. Gal. v., 14.

Tuesday, August 25.—Great joy to all people. Luke ii., 10.

Wednesday, August 26.—Strangers dwelling with you. Lev. xix., 34.

Thursday, August 27.—We have one father. Mal. ii., 10.

Friday, August 28.—Our brothers. Zech. vii., 9.

Saturday, August 29.—Strengthen thy brethren. Luke xxii., 32.

Sunday, August 30.—Topic—Japanese children. Mark xii., 31.

The Superintendent's Duties.

The superintendent should be chief executive of the Sunday School, and upon him more than upon any one else devolves the wise execution of plans that are generally recognized as absolutely essential to the successful conduct of the school.

Here is a bare mention of his main duties, and it can be readily seen that his office is no sinecure. To secure the best building and the best equipment possible for that building; to govern and discipline the school; to help select officers and teachers; to plan for the training of officers and teachers, (1) in the training classes, (2) in the teachers' meeting, (3) through a well-equipped professional library, (4) by inducing them to attend institutes, conventions, local unions, etc., (5) by planning for them to visit other classes and schools; to properly organize and grade the school; to plan for keeping and using a complete system of records; to plan for the observance of special days; to keep in operation a home department and a cradle roll; to inaugurate plans to build up the school; to procure class organization in the advanced classes; to plan a varied and interesting programme for each Sunday; to adopt plans to secure home co-operation; to help teachers secure home study by the pupils; to look after the regular and punctual attendance of officers, teachers and pupils; to plan impressive installation services for his officers and teachers; to keep up the educational and spiritual tone of the school; to adopt a standard and plan of exercises for promotion; to run his school the year round, irrespective of the heat or cold; to provide for a pupils' library; to be continually praying and planning for new and better things —The 'Living Evangelical.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Father and Son.

(C. H. Faure Field, in the 'Spectator,' London.)

['Che in la mente m'è fitta ed or m'accora
La cara e buona imagine paterna
Di vol, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
M'insegnavate come l'uom s'eterna.'
—Dante.]

I had a father; when he was alive,
I did not greatly care his will to please;
I did not know his habit was to strive
For me, his son, upon his bended knees.

My careless eyes found him but commonplace,
And thus untreasured chances passed away
Of watching Time—consummate artist!—trace
A character like Christ's in 'common' clay.

Then he appeared a Philistine, too stiff
To sympathize with my superior mind;
But now, when he is dead, it seems as if
He were the vision-seer, I the blind.

He knows now all the secrets of the grave
Versed in profounder than Hegelian lore;
He wears the crown God gives to those who brave
The world's contempt and all its sneers ignore.

And I who could so lightly talk with him,
Confronting wisdom with youth's insolence,
Would give all that I have to walk with him,
And think a great boon won at small expense.

I did not know how fervently he longed
In me deep-cherished hopes to realize,
Too late I see it now, the love I wronged,
Then in my reach, now out of reach, the prize.

Though they are lost, which might have once been won,
Rich opportunities I cast away,
I trust that even now he sees his son
Tracking his footsteps to the land of day.

Then will I tell him what I had to keep
Buried within my breast, a life-long woe;
And he will say: 'My son! my son! why weep?
I have forgiven it so long ago.'

Molly's Repentance.

'Well, Molly, why such dreadful confusion?' exclaimed Margaret Anten, as she came into her schoolmate's room.

'I've been hunting for an hour for my diamond ring, and I can't find it anywhere.'

'You surely can't mean the diamond ring your father gave you on your birthday?'

'The very same. I would not lose it for the world. The last letter I had from home mother wrote: "Be sure and not be careless and lose that beautiful ring, Molly." You see our folks think I'm careless, but I'm not—it's the way things have of getting out of sight just at the moment.'

Molly was crawling under the bed in quest of the lost treasure, and after a search drew her head out and gave it a hard knock on the side of the bed.

'Oh, dear, I've hurt myself.'

'I'm so sorry; but why did you expect to find your ring under the bed, when you said you left it on the bureau? I'll wet my handkerchief in hot water and put it on the bump. You did give it a nasty knock, and no mistake.'

'It's almost time for my French lesson, and I know but little of it. Do go to Madame and tell her I have a headache, and ask her to excuse me. She will do it for you.'

After Molly's schoolmate left the room, she threw herself downward on the bed 'and sobbed as if her heart would break,' as one of the girls said, who passed the door.

Her friend found her in that state when she returned. Madame had been quite gracious, for her, and Molly was encouraged.

'To think Madge, that [illegible] in South Africa, and may die there, and what if that ring should be the last present he will ever give me?'

'Look on the bright side of questions. Now, I'm going to rearrange all this dire confusion, and see if I can't find the ring.'

'I've just thought of something,' Molly exclaimed, wiping her eyes. 'I believe that little red-headed girl who takes care of our rooms took that ring. When I had it on once, she looked at it and said, "Miss Sampson, that's the prettiest ring I ever saw in all my life."'

'O Molly, you do not know she did, and it does not seem fair for you to come to such a conclusion. It is terrible to accuse another wrongfully. She always seemed like a good sort of a girl to me, and think of all the pretty things we girls leave around in her way, and she has never taken any of them.'

'I am going to Madame and report my loss. I shall tell her my suspicions, too.'

At that moment the little red-headed girl who took care of the rooms came along the hall with a broom in her hand.

'Jane, have you seen anything of my ring? It is missing from my room,' Molly said, in a severe tone of voice.

'No, miss; I have not seen it except the other day when you had it on.'

'Do you remember telling me that it was the prettiest ring you ever saw?'

'Yes, miss, I do. It was a lovely ring. I'm sorry you lost it.'

'Do you suppose you could find it, Jane? I will give you five shillings if you produce that ring to-day; I have my suspicions about it. I shall report the loss to Madame.'

'I would not take your five shillings, miss. I should only be too happy for anything to find it for you. I'll tidy up your room, again, and I'll hunt in every place. Perhaps you lost it when you was outside somewhere.'

'No, because I remember taking it off and putting it right in that spot on the bureau. Come, Madge,' added Molly, 'I'm going to stay in your room and let Jane have a clean sweep.'

'Jane!' she called back, 'my father gave me that ring, and he has gone abroad, and I may never see him again, and I would not lose it for the world—remember!'

After the girls had gone into Madge's room, some of their mates came in, who had heard of Molly's loss, to condole with her.

'I'm pretty sure Jane will produce that ring. I'm convinced in my own mind she has it, and she knows I'm going to Madame to report the loss.'

Poor Jane swept and garnished every crevice and corner—she moved out all the furniture, but the ring was not forthcoming.

Molly told the Madame of her loss and suspicions. She told everybody. The other maids heard it talked of and told Jane. Madame questioned Jane very closely. The young ladies looked at her with suspicious glances, and all passed her by without the usual pleasant greeting. Five shillings reward was offered for the recovery of the ring, then one pound, but three weeks passed by, and it was not found. The situation was a very trying one for poor Jane, and she gave up her place—a proof of her guilt, as Molly and some of the other girls reasoned. Then Madame would not give her a recommendation for another place.

There was to be a reception at the end of the three weeks at Madame's, and the young ladies were planning to wear their party gowns, and were getting them out for that occasion. Molly's had been folded up in the bottom of her trunk since she came back to school. She was taking out the waist when the missing ring dropped on the floor.

'My ring! my ring!' she exclaimed, 'Now I remember, I was bending over the trunk that last night I wore it, putting away my organdie dress, and it must have dropped into the trunk. Madge, Madge, girls, all of you!' she called out, running through the hall, 'I've found my ring,' and, hurriedly, she explained the mystery as she held up the recovered treasure.

'But Jane, poor Jane,' said Madge.

'Yes, Jane,' said Molly, in a sad tone of voice. 'I had not thought of her. What shall I do? Does anybody know where she can be found? I must not delay a minute.'

With the number and street of Jane's whereabouts, Molly put on her wrap, and begging Madge to go with her, she was soon on her way to make restitution.

'I never had such a hard thing to do in my life, Madge,' she said, as they rode along in the 'bus. 'I do not know what I can say to undo the wrong. What a bitter lesson I have learned.'

Jane was found in the small house in which she made her home. She looked pale and thin and careworn. Molly poured out her whole heart, filled with the saddest regrets, to her. Would she forgive her?

Oh, yes, Jane would forgive. Mother would be so glad the ring has been found; it had almost killed mother to think her child had been suspected of a theft and she had been ill for over a fortnight.

Molly looked about the room; she knew they must be very poor. She took her monthly allowance, which she had just received, out of her purse, and put it in Jane's hand.

'Nothing can ever recompense you, dear,' she said, with tears, 'for the wrong I have done you, but so long as I live I shall try and show how I am sorry for my injustice.'

As Molly and Madge rode home, Molly said:

'I can never have the same respect for myself again. I shall share part of my allowance with Jane so long as I am in school.'

'This meant a great giving up for Molly,' Madge said, 'for none of the girls liked pretty things to wear and good things to eat better than Molly did.'

In Jane's bureau drawer to-day a 'honest character paper' is neatly kept in a box. She is doing piecework in a shop, and is a very deft workwoman.

Molly is abroad with her father, but very often the postman stops at the tenement house door with a loving letter from Molly for Jane Barstow.—'Christian Globe.'

Just You What?

When everything goes crooked;
And seems inclined to rile,
Don't kick, nor fuss, nor fidget
Just—you—smile!

It's hard to learn the lesson
But learn it if you'd win;
When people tease and pester,
Just—you—grin!

When some one tries to 'do' you
By taking more than half,
Be patient, firm, and pleasant;
Just—you—laugh!

But if you find you're stuffy
(Sometimes, of course, you will!)
And cannot smile, nor grin, nor laugh,
Just—keep—still!

Mother's New Name.

(Kate S. Gates, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Martha Evans had been spending Sunday in town with her dearest friend, Lillian Towne, and as she rode home on the train Monday morning, she was thinking rather wistfully of Lillian's more favored lot in life. Lillian's city home was so attractive and luxurious, she had so many friends, and there was always a tea or a reception, a concert or entertainment of some sort, for the day or evening, or both. And Lillian herself was so dainty and sweet—just like her name!

'I do really believe I should be daintier and sweeter myself if I hadn't such a dreadful name. Martha is so hopelessly prosaic and homely. Well, it is typical of my humdrum life,' and Martha hurriedly brushed a tear away as the train slowed up at the station.

Rob was there waiting for her, and as they rode out home he told the home news: mother had a sick headache, Ted had cut his finger, father could not find the seeds he wanted to plant, and Nora was cross as could be.

'Dear me!' laughed Martha, cheerily. 'You are all in a peck of trouble, aren't you? What is your grievance? I know you well

enough to know you aren't so cast down over other people's affairs. What's the matter with Bobby?'

'Nothin'—much,' replied Bob, rather shamefacedly. 'The young folks are going up on Pearl Hill to-night for a picnic, but I don't see much show of my having any grub to take, so I suppose I'll have to stay at home and lose the fun.'

'Cheer up, Bobby! I'll see that you have a lunch all right,' said Martha.

'You're a first-class brick every time, Martha, that's what you are! We couldn't any of us get along without you, that's sure.'

Martha's eyes danced with delight. Rob wasn't overgiven to saying flattering things, and it was nice to be thought indispensable, even if one could not go to teas and receptions, or write papers for clubs.

Martha's first duty when she reached home was to see to her mother.

'I'll get you a nice cup of tea and bathe your poor, dear head, then I'll close the blinds, and before you know it you will be sound asleep.'

And Mother Evans drew a breath of relief, feeling convinced that it would be just as her cheery, capable daughter said.

After getting her mother settled to her satisfaction, Martha went down to Nora's relief.

'I'll do the dishes and see to the dinner, and you can keep right on with your washing. It is a lovely day for the clothes, isn't it?'

'I wasn't thinking so till you came,' said Nora, and ten minutes later she was singing over her wash-tub as happy as could be.

When father came in to dinner there were the missing seeds arranged around his plate at the table.

Ted promptly exhibited his cut finger when he came in from school.

'It's orful sore, truly, Marfa, but Nora and Bob just laughed, and Bob called me "cry-baby,"' and Teddy began to weep afresh.

'Oh, well, Bobby, didn't mean it, I know, so you mustn't mind,' said Martha, comfortingly. 'Yes, dear, you did get quite a cut, but I'll wash it with sulpho napthol, and put a nice clean cloth on it, and by night it will be almost well.'

'It's most better now,' said Teddy, cheerfully.

It was a busy afternoon for Martha, but at last she saw Rob off with a 'lunch that can't be beat,' as he said; and mother, her head feeling much better, came downstairs in time for a nice little talk before tea.

'Oh, I had a lovely time!' said Martha, in response to her mother's query about her visit. 'It is so pleasant there, you know, and there is something going on all the time. Lillian teaches in Sunday School, and helps in a mission circle. She belongs to a literary club, and has a paper to read this week. Oh, she does so much that I came home feeling like a cumberer of the ground! My name just fits me, it sounds just like my life—no frills nor nonsense, just matter-of-fact little things that don't seem to amount to a row of pins. I do wish father hadn't wanted me named for Aunt Martha. I just hate the name!'

'My dear little daughter,' said her mother, tenderly, 'I am coming to feel that it is what we call little things that count most after all. I was reading only yesterday that Richard Baxter felt that he owed his conversion to a little tract called "A Bruised Reed." His "Saints' Rest" has been of untold help to multitudes, among them Philip Doddridge, who afterwards wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Wilberforce read that, and Hannah More and Leigh Richmond both ascribe their conversion to his influence. Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," which had a wide circulation. It was translated into Turkish, and a missionary once found, in an out-of-the-way village in Turkey, two hundred Christians who had no Bible but "The Dairyman's Daughter." Yet the author of "The Bruised Reed" is unknown. Whoever it was probably died, never once dreaming how far-reaching its influence would be. Be faithful, my dear, in the post assigned you. Your faithfulness may mean more than you think. And I'm thinking, Martha, that if your dear, old-fashioned name is unpleasant to you we might one and all, call you "The Angel-who-attends-to-things," for that is what you seem to me to be in our home.'

'O mother—don't!' cried Martha. 'You make me ashamed of myself. I would a thousand times rather be that kind of a person than write club papers and go to teas and receptions. I'll try to be like that, and then perhaps I can glorify my plain old name. Dear me! I must go and see if Nora has tea ready.'

Cheerfulness.

It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.—
—James Russell Lowell.

Let cheerfulness on happy fortune wait,
And give not thus the counter-time to fate.
—Dryden.

A man's task is always light if his heart is light.—Lew Wallace.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

Cheerfulness, in most people, is the rich and satisfying result of strenuous discipline. —E. P. Whipple.

It lies in our power to attune the mind to cheerfulness.—Auerbach.

Cheerfulness, the character of common hope, is, in strong hope, like glimpses of sunshine on a cloudy day.—Joanna Baillie.

Being Popular.

(By Marianna Wood Robinson, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Who was elected, Rob?'

'Tom Leighton, of course. No other fellow had any show at all. He's the most popular boy there is. They say it is because he is so good-natured.'

'Well, Tom is the kindest boy—the kindest big boy—I know,' said Sadie, Rob's little sister.

'Huh! That's all right, but what does he have to keep him from being kind? He has every single thing he wants. He never has to work till the very last minute before school time. And he always has lots of money to treat the fellows with. I could be kind, too—maybe I could be popular, if I had time. You have to have something to make you popular.'

'Right you are, my son. I have felt that way a great many times. It's the men who have money so they can do things for people, or leisure to make themselves agreeable, that are popular. It takes time even to be kind. When a man has to work all day in the shop, as hard as I do, he's got no time to make himself popular.'

'It doesn't seem as if that were quite the right idea of making one's self popular,' said Rob's mother. 'What do you think, Aunt Kate?'

'I was just thinking,' answered Aunt Kate, 'of the two most popular men I know in our neighborhood at home.'

'Oh, is one that nice old gentleman who sat on his porch so much and used to give me candy when I went by?'

'No, dear; he isn't one of 'hem.'

'Well, then,' said Rob, 'it's some of those swell fellows over on Lee avenue, two blocks from your street.'

'No, Rob, it isn't exactly any of them. I was just thinking,' she went on, 'about what you said it took to make boys or men popular. I'm sure these men are both extremely popular, but they both work at manual labor every day in the week, and one of them, at least, all the year round, with, perhaps, a couple of weeks off.'

'They must be awfully smart men,' said Rob, 'to do all that, and have time to make themselves popular, too.'

'No, I don't consider them especially smart, as we usually think of smartness. They are able to do their work well and faithfully, and that is all.'

'Well, I suppose their work is not the kind that frets or bothers them. They don't have to put their mind right on it,' said Rob's father.

'I don't know about that. I should think the work of one would be very tedious and vexing, and as to the other, most representatives of his calling whom I have known have been cross as bears, without a word for anybody.'

'Just like our postman,' said Sadie.

'Yes, that's just what he is—a letter-carrier; and the other is the janitor of the Washington school. The postman has a kindly, interested word to say at every door along his route. If you have been away he is glad to see you back. If you don't get the letter you are expecting he is as sorry as you are. If a package you are depending on is delayed he tries to plan some extra way for you to get it in time. If you are sick he inquires for you every day.

'The children run to meet him, and take turns going a ways with him. They tell him their little secrets, and exchange pictures with them.

'At Christmas time he enjoys his work more than ever, because it makes so many people happy. He seems to make his work the means of his popularity.'

'Well, what about the other one, Aunt Kate? He can't be much like our janitor.'

'The other man is much the same. You would think, wouldn't you? I should—that he would see enough of the bothersome children and would never speak to a child unnecessarily. But, instead, he is really interested in them, their home-life, their older brothers and sisters who have gone from the school. He will often take a little tot on his knee, to warm her feet by the furnace in the winter mornings.'

Somehow, instead of regarding him as their natural enemy, as janitors are apt to be regarded, every one of these five hundred children consider him a friend. I know lots of rich people and people of leisure, but these two are the most popular men in our part of the city.'

'That's it,' said mother. 'Rob, you and your father are wrong. The best way to make yourself popular is to be really and truly interested in people.'

'I shouldn't say, either, "make yourself popular,"' said Aunt Kate. I doubt if anyone who directly tries to make himself popular, ever really becomes so. Be thoughtful and kindly, right in the midst of your work, and the popularity will take care of itself.'

Those Three Cents.

We want to tell you a story we heard the other day. It is a true story from beginning to end. A clergyman told it, and told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow, he was playing one winter day with some of his boy friends, when three cents, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would, they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. 'The next day,' said the clergyman, who was telling us the story, 'I chanced to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the coins we had been looking for. The snow which had covered them the day before had melted and there they lay in full view. I seized them and put them in my explain how he was the good king Josiah.

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pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them, and how fortunate I was to have found them; and when Conscience wouldn't keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and, above all, what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie B— had given up thinking about his three cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

'Well, to make a long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then those three cents would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to him, and finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now, perhaps, you may think my trouble was over. But no; every now and then those three cents would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were those three cents right in the way. At last I saw what God had all along been trying to make me do, that I must tell Charlie B—— that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this, he could not bless me. So then and there, I sat down and wrote to Charlie, inclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace and God has blessed be.'—'S. S. Banner.'

What We Can Never Catch.

Boys and girls, what is it that you never can catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it.

Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, a profane word!

Jesus said: 'Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'—Selected.

The Boy Who Started Early.

(By Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., in the 'Christian World.')

Boys and girls, most of you at one time or another have visited a picture gallery, and you have noticed there that there are some canvases so huge that whenever you pass through the door your eye is struck by them and you cannot help seeing them. But in the same gallery there may also be some very small pictures—miniatures, we call them—and some of these very small pictures are just as good, it may be even better, than these huge canvases, and keep our close attention even more.

And so in the picture gallery of the Old and New Testaments we have big and small canvases. We have huge pictures that immediately arrest our attention, and we have also miniatures, just little sketches—a few sentences—and yet if we study these miniatures closely we may see a good deal of meaning and worth in them.

Now, I want to read to you two verses which bring before us such a miniature. 'Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem; and his mother's name was Jedidah, the daughter of Adaiah of Bozkath. And he did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and walked in all the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left.' (II. Kings xxii., 1, 2.) Two verses, and yet that is a miniature of the good King Josiah, in which six things are told us about him.

The first of them is this, that he made an early start. He was eight years old when he began to reign. These duties were laid upon him when he was quite a young boy, and the first thing we learn from him is to make an early start. We are not called to be kings over a wide realm, but we are all called to rule over our spirit. There is a Kingdom of God within us, within our own mind and heart, and we are all called to be rulers over this kingdom, and in so ruling let us follow Josiah and make an early start.

The second thing to notice is, he had a very long race; he reigned thirty-one years in Jerusalem. You boys know about some of your companions who make a very good start when they are running a race. They are good at the first, but they cannot keep it up. There are a good many people who are good at a sprint in their religious life, but do not keep it up. How many boys and girls in our Sunday Schools give promise of being good men and women, but they leave the Sunday School and do not pass into the church. It is not enough to make an early start; we want to run a long race, keeping it up from the beginning to the very end.

The third thing we read about is—he kept a straight course; he turned not aside to the right hand or to the left. He not only kept on, but he kept on straight. He did not allow any of the pleasures or evils of the world to draw him aside. God had called him to be king, and he was a good king from the very beginning to the very end, allowing nothing to turn him aside.

The other three things told us about him

Jean's Policy Hard Things First.

Jean unstrapped her books and took pad and pencils from the closet.

'I'd like to be polite, Mr. Marshall,' she said laughing across at her father's old friend who was spending two days with him, 'but I never dare to be polite till my algebra is done.'

'What makes you like it so much?' Mr. Marshall asked smiling. 'Young ladies don't generally have much taste for algebra.'

'Like it!' Jean repeated vehemently. 'I despise it—abominate it—loathe it! That's why I do it first; if I gave myself the tiniest margin of excuse I'd never get it done. And I may be stupid—I am terribly stupid in it—but it shan't conquer my morals anyhow.'

'I see,' the guest replied, rising. 'Well, good luck to it—and you, Miss Jean. Perhaps you'll like it better after a while.'

'Never,' Jean returned emphatically.

A month later the three girls were looking at each other with dazed eyes. They must take care of mother of course, but how? Corinne's music? Barbara's art? They had been studied only for accomplishments—they never had supposed that they would need them. Then the letter came from Mr. Marshall with the wonderful offer of a thousand-dollar position for Jean.

'Jean,' Corinne cried, 'why she's the youngest.'

'And never studied typewriting in her life!' Barbara chimed in.

'For Miss Jean,' Mrs. Randall read. 'A young lady who always tackles her hard things first in the determination that they shall not 'conquer her morals' is the kind of young lady that we need fifty-two weeks in the year.'

'Who would have thought that a little thing like that'—Barbara said brokenly.—The 'New Guide.'

JEAN.

The first thing is, 'His mother's name was Jedidah.' Why is it her name is given? It is evident her name is given as an explanation of his early life. You boys and girls who have the privilege of good mothers and fathers and are guided by Divine grace through your parents, you cannot be too grateful to God for what He has done for you in so blessing you. Remember in giving you a father and mother to watch over you and care for you God has intended to give you the chance and lay on you the duty of a good life.

Not only had Josiah been under fit training, but also he followed a good leader. 'He walked in all the way of David, his father.' David had run that race before him, and had run that race well, and in him Josiah followed a good example. How you live will depend very much on what examples you choose to follow. It has been said that boys and girls are like sheep—that they do not go alone, but like to go in company, and it is surprising how easily boys and girls can be led. A good boy can help to make all his companions good, and a bad boy can very easily spoil all the boys who have anything to do with him.

And then the last thing told us about Josiah is this: When a race is being run very often there are a great many spectators, and I daresay those running the race feel a good deal inspired by them, especially should there be one among them for whom the runner has an affectionate regard. If, for instance, you know your mother is there, and know she is looking at you and is eager you should come in and win the prize, you will run all the better for knowing her eyes are upon you. Josiah knew there was a great Spectator present at the race who had His eye upon him, even God. He did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord. He knew that God was near, and was watching, and that, no doubt, helped him in many an hour of trial, and strengthened him for many a burden of duty. When you thank God for the good example and the nice training He has granted you, remember above all that He Himself cares for you so much that He is glad when you run the race well, and grieved when you turn aside from the straight course.

Making the Best of Things.

There is scarcely anyone who does not think but that he has been unjustly dealt with, in some respects, either by nature or fortune. What is to be done? If these individual imperfections can be remedied let us strive in every legitimate way to help ourselves. If not, why not make the best of them?

It is not so much our own actual condition of life that breeds happiness as the use which we make of our opportunities. Some people will be cheery and useful anywhere, and under any livable conditions. Others are correspondingly dismal. Therefore, as a matter of self-convenience at least, let us make the best of things.—Selected.

Are You Like This?

Far away in the wilds of Africa, a missionary doctor took a poor sick woman into his home, and cured her. When she was well enough to hear, he told her over and over about the Saviour, and His love for her. To her it was all very new. She had been a poor slave all her life. 'Now, when you reach home,' the doctor said, 'promise me that you will pray to Jesus every day and ask Him to help you.' And so she did. And while she prayed her neighbors came to listen. Then she told them of Jesus as best she knew how.

As she prayed and tried to serve, her heart grew more and more full of love to God and to the servant of God who had so helped her. That made her want to give something. But what should it be? She was so very poor. At last she thought of the nuts she had for food, and day by day she saved a part until she had ready her gift of love for the missionary. Do you think that her gift was a precious one? The missionary understood that it was the love of Jesus in her heart that made her long to give something. God wants something sweet from each of us.—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Each Has a Work to Do.

Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day;
Each little river drop, impulse, and sway,
Feather and flower and songlet help, too.

Each little child can some work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle, useful, and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you. Susan Coleridge.

Robbie's Discovery.

(By Eva Williams Malone, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Once upon a time, and not a hundred years ago, either, I knew a bad little boy, —that is, people said he was a bad little boy. He had heard it so often that he had come to believe it himself; and when you get to believing you are bad, you are in a fair way to become so.

Robbie did not steal, and he did not swear, and he did not lie. That sounds like a good boy, don't you think? And yet they called Robbie the 'black sheep' of the family.

'I don't see where in the world Robbie gets his bad disposition,' his mother would say to her husband with a sigh. 'Your family are noted for their good tempers, and mine—'

'Are lovely,' Mr. Graves finished, 'and a certain little woman I know the loveliest of all.'

Then he always kissed her, and Mr. Graves felt what a pity it was that so sweet a woman should have so sour a child. That was just the trouble. Robbie was so sour and cross that even his old black mammy, who truly loved him, called him her little crab apple; and the boys at the kindergarten had nicknamed him 'Pickles.'

If mamma said, 'Robbie, won't you go to the store for me?' he was sure to say, 'Can't Annie go? I went last.'

His very sourest time was early in the morning. If black mammy called him, he would say that he had the headache or some other ache, and that he hadn't slept a wink all night. Black mammy vowed that 'nothin' but a good, reverdy spankin' sot dat chile on his pegs fo' de day.' It had come to be a saying with Annie when mammy said it was time to get up, 'Has mamma spanked Robbie?' If mammy answered, 'No, honey, not yit,' Annie felt safe in turning over for one more little snooze.

'Dat's de upstirrin' boy I ebber seed,' mammy declared. 'I tell you, man, he'll go in de nussery, where all de chillun's sweet as pie, an' in lessen two minutes ebberbody'll be a-growlin' at ebberbody else, an' a-tellin' 'em tain't so an' 'e like o' dat.'

Last summer a letter came from Aunt Annie, papa's sister, who had a beautiful home on the Virginia coast, inviting Annie and Robbie to spend a month with her.

'I'd love to go the best in the world, mammy,' said Annie; 'but Rob just acts so—'

'Don't do no such a thing! You misbehave your own self jest as much as I do,' broke in Rob, who was just outside the door trying to get Nero and Tabby into a spat.

Mamma looked sorrowful and perplexed. What must she do with her little prickly pear? Robbie came up and put his arms around her neck. 'Please, mamma, let me go. I 'clare I'll be good. I won't conterdick nobody, an' I'll get up 'thout fussin' a bit.'

Finally mother said, 'Robbie, dear, it is hard for me to say "No" to so lovely a plan; and yet—mother is sorry to say it—if I can't trust you to be good in my sight, how can I trust you out? I would feel disgraced if you should go to auntie's and have to be sent home as you were from grandma's.'

Robbie hung his head and looked sheepish. That 'return' from grandma's was a sore spot in his memory. At last, after long, long thought, he said: 'I tell you what, mamma. I'll make a trade with you. If you let me go to auntie's, I'll get on the cars and come right home the very first day I'm bad—I 'clare I will. You put my ticket in my purse, and I'll come alright, if I can't be good.'

'It might be a wise experiment,' said Mr. Graves when his wife told him about Robbie's plan. 'Maybe it would make Robbie realize his own responsibility. Perhaps we have made him feel too much that we thought him bad and he had to live up to his reputation.'

'I have put thirty postal cards directed to papa and me in your trunk,' said mamma as Annie and Robbie were telling her good-by. 'Send us one every day, and tell us how the goodness thrives.'

'All right. You think I can't do it, but you'll see,' and Robbie held his head very high.

'All aboard!' cried the conductor, and away they flew.

In two days the postals began to come. The first one said:

'Here we are. It's grate here. I have not broke my contrak.'

Annie wrote:

'Robbie is being fine. Aunt Annie says he is such a good boy. He has not conterdickted me but once; and then he said, "'Scuse me," before it was good out, so we thought maybe you wouldn't count that.'

The eighth day Robbie wrote:

Deer Mama: Bein' good is sorter like swimmin'—you get the hang of it, and then it comes natcherl. I like bein' good. I never reelly tride it before.

WHY DON'T THEY BITE?

—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

At the end of the month the thirtieth postal said:

Deer Papa: Uncle ses can I stay anuther munth, till skule begins. He ses I am so greeable he will give me a JOB and pay me $1, one doller a week, to set in the buggy and hold Pluto while he docters folks. Answer immeditly.

P.S.—Pluto is the horse.

Annie strengthened this by a letter, too.

Dear Mama: Robbie hasn't pinched me once since we came. You would not hardly know him, he is so NICE. Aunt Annie says he is a perfect little gentleman. Please let us stay.

The first of September, when two plump, sunburned children tumbled out of the car into mamma's arms, Robbie whispered as he gave her a long, long squeeze, 'Bein' good is just wantin' to and thinkin' you can.'

Robbie did not know that he had uttered a great big truth; but mamma knew her little boy had solved the problem, and her heart was glad.

The Long Meadow Picnic.

(By M. V. L., in the 'Youth's Companion.')

When Marjorie and Helen first came to grandpa's they were a little lonely. The house was so far from the village and they were so unused to the country that the little grove back of the house seemed very dark and solemn after sunset. 'I could forget about the shadows,' Helen said, 'if it weren't for the screechy tree-toads!'

But grandpa explained about the habits of these little animals, and they seemed more friendly, and it was not long before their song seemed as natural as the babble of the brook.

They used to go to the post-office every day to get the mail, and after a while they began to say 'Hello!' to the children they met on the way; and when the sewing-circle met at grandma's, some of the number brought their children.

One day they received an invitation written on birch bark. It said: 'Marjorie and Helen are invited to a barefoot picnic in long meadow Saturday morning.'

They could not imagine what kind of a picnic this could be, and could hardly wait for the day.

When they were ready to start that morning, grandpa gave them some wonderful toy boats, newly rigged and painted. They were so pleased with these they wondered if they ought to take them to the picnic when the others could not have them; but when they joined the children at the cross-roads, they found that grandpa had provided one for each child, and the barefoot part was to be wading in the brook.

Marjorie and Helen had been to many parties and learned to play all the jolly house games, but they never had so good a time as they did that day, sailing boats in the long brook.

The company was divided into 'sides,' and the navigation of the brook was established. At first the girls felt a little shy to be playing in this fashion with the others, but they soon forgot this in a busy attempt to get a cargo of wheat safely from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Each one had brought a small basket of luncheon, which they ate under a big elm-tree, while the boats were supposed to be unloading in their various ports.

At four o'clock grandpa came driving up the field with a load of hay, and they all piled into the rick, and tramping and singing, rode back to the barn.

'I wonder what made us lonesome at first?' said Marjorie, when the day was over. 'There is so much more to do here than at home.'

The Dustman.

The Dustman comes with a cart by day,
  And carries the birds on his back;
But at night he goes in a hood of gray
  And a mantle of misty black.
Slow, slow, you may hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw,
With a soft little bell, whose sleepy chime
Tinkles drowsily all the time—
  'Ding-a-ding!'

In the dusty street, in the dewy grass,
  He solemnly steps on his way;
But you never, never can see him pass,
  For he keeps in the shadows gray.
Slow, slow, you can hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw;
And his wheels are hushed, and his horses pace
Very softly from place to place—
  'Ding-a-ding!'

He calls to the dear little sleepy-heads,
  'It's getting exceedingly late!
You must creep upstairs to your wee white beds—
  Did you know it was half-past eight?'
Slow, slow, you will hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw;
When he mounts the stair, when he opens the door,
Sleeping sound, you will hear once more—
  'Ding-a-ding!'

—'Pall Mall Gazette.'

Bob, Betty and Narcissus.

(By Bertha E. Bush, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Aw, I don't want to play with girls. I'm keeping a livery stable. Girls can't be around livery stables.'

Bobby had been with the big boys all yesterday, and it certainly had not been good for him. Four-year-old Betty's eyes grew dark with the big tears that began to gather.

'Come here, Betty!' called Auntie May, who saw the little scene. 'Don't you want to help me make cookies?'

How Betty ran for her small moulding-board and rolling-pin! There is something very fascinating to any child about cookies. In five minutes Bobby had forgotten that he did not like to play with girls and was hanging sheepishly around the kitchen door.

The end of it was that he helped Betty roll out the soft, delightful dough, and ate a good deal more than half of the cookies they baked. But Betty liked it. Oh, yes, bless her! Betty enjoyed them more than if she had eaten them herself.

Auntie May said nothing; but when twilight had come, and Betty was snuggled in her lap, while Bobby decorated one arm of her rocking chair, she told them a very old fable, which seemed somehow to fit the case.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Narcissus, who would not play with girls. He had the prettiest nymphs to play with, who had eyes as bright as stars and could run faster than any boy you ever saw, but Narcissus would have nothing to do with them.

'Come and run a race in the sunshine,' they would say; but Narcissus shook his head.

'Come and play ball with the ripe apples.'

'Come and gather nuts under the chestnut trees.'

'Come and dance on the fallen leaves that look like gold,' they would say; but Narcissus would not go. At last he grew cross and rough, and pushed and jostled them.

Then the nymphs all went away, and Narcissus walked off alone.

He went through the woods until he came to a deep, still pool, and here he threw himself down. Looking over into the edge of the pool, he caught sight of his own face reflected in the water.

'Oh, what a lovely boy!' he cried and sprang up joyfully. But as he rose the figure vanished from sight. He could only bring it back by lying down and looking into the pool. He beckoned with his arms. The reflection did the same, but he could not make it come nearer.

All day long Narcissus lay looking at the figure in the water, admiring the bright eyes, the red cheeks, and the short boyish curls. In the night he could see only a deep image in the starlight, but still he could not bear to go away, and in the morning he thought the reflection more beautiful than ever.

The kindly nymphs crowded around him with food, but he could not look up. All that day and many other days the foolish boy lay gazing into the water. He grew paler and paler. So did the image in the water. At last he pined quite away, and the pitying nymphs covered him with leaves. In the spring they went, as soon as the flowers were out, with garlands to put over his grave.

But they found no grave. Only a pretty nodding flower, that still looked at its image in the water. Jupiter had changed the unhappy boy into a narcissus flower, and every spring it comes back to us. But I wonder if the flower does not sometimes wish it were a boy again, to grow up to live a man's life among men!

Auntie May paused. Dear little Betty's eyes were half closing, but she opened them with a sleepy smile when Bobby said: 'Betty, I like to play with you, and to-morrow, when I play livery stable, you shall be the lady who wants to hire a horse.'

Then Auntie May carried the little girl off to Sleepy Land.

Correspondence

THE ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself:
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

There are two new names to add to our list this week. Robina Johnson, V., N.S., and J. Howard Gunn, A. H., Ont., have both sent in their pledges to the Editor, signed with their names. Perhaps the members of this league could help each other by reporting some of the kind deeds that they see done. Names needn't be given, but it does us all good to be on the lookout for the good that there is in the world.

F., Que.

Dear Editor,—The longer I take the 'Messenger' the more I appreciate the good things contained therein. What puzzles me is that you can give the public such a good paper for the money. We are having very fine weather here at present, crops are looking fine and everything tends to make it a very profitable year for the farmer. We had some very hot weather here in June. It was 90 degrees in the shade, and we have a very cool place too. It is quite high, so that we catch all breezes. B. Lake, situated about 3 miles distant, is a very beautiful lake; there are a number of summer cottages along its eastern shore. There is very good fishing, and in the fall there are a few ducks. I wonder how many of the boy readers of the Correspondence page evere go duck hunting. It is great fun. As my letter is getting rather long I will close, with best wishes. I will sign with my old pen name.

A WELLWISHER.

[Your suggestion has been considered before, but for many reasons has had to be dismissed. We are always glad, however, of the interest that prompts suggestions.—Ed.]

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eleven years of age. I tried the entrance examinations this summer and passed. This is a very pretty place. There are five stores, a post-office, a barber shop, a schoolhouse, one hotel, a Presbyterian Church and a C. P. R. station. My father has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for many years and we all think it is a fine paper, and I congratulate you on being the Editor of such a good little paper.

J. HOWARD GUNN.

[Thanks, Howard.—Ed.]

G. R., Man.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write another letter to the 'Messenger.' I have a pet call, and I got a little kitten from my Aunt Flora. I have two miles to walk to school, and I am in the third book, and I am going to be in the fourth book when I am ten.

WALLACE CASSON.

N., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I have taken the 'Messenger' since my sixth birthday. My mother gave it to me for a birthday present. I like very much to read the letters from little girls and bo s. I often read about them visiting at their grandma's or grandpa's. I never had the pleasure of having either, as papa's father and mother are dead forty-one years, and mamma's father is dead thirty-one years and her mother eighteen. I have two dear little kittens, they will sit up and drink milk out of a spoon. I have been home from school nearly a week with a bad cold.

ENA E. DOUGLAS.

WHAT THE EDITOR SAW.

My dear correspondents, one and all; did any of you go to the Quebec Tercentenary celebrations? Well, the Editor did, and just in case none of you will find time to write about it, even though you went, here goes for just a little letter about it. Perhaps some of you know old Quebec, all hills and rocks and funny little streets in some parts, beautiful broad walks, lovely gardens and splendid views as you walk over other parts. If you haven't seen it, of course you have heard something about it, so too much time mustn't be given to the dear old city which you must all certainly see some day. It had on a very gay dress during the bright, happy days of the celebration, for not only was it rejoicing over having passed its three hundredth birthday, but also it had the Prince of Wales to welcome, so there were gay arches everywhere hung round with bunting and built up with evergreens, multitudes of flags waved their greetings to everybody, and at night strings of electric lights shone all round the principal buildings, outlined the statues and the old gates in the city walls, and you might have thought yourself in some new fairyland. At night, too, the great, solemn, grey old warships that lay on the St. Lawrence before the city, would forget to be so sedate and sometimes fling out lights all along their ropes and masts and look like funny ghost ships against the dark river and the night. All day and everywhere about the city there were the soldiers and sailors in their uniforms and having the jolliest of times, there was, too, the company of heralds in their old world dress of velvets, gold braids, shining helmets and old swords; but of all the people, the children everywhere seemed the happiest. They had, too, their share in the celebrations and every big place in the pageants. Why, what would the court of King Henry IV. of France have been without the little Princes and Princesses, the little pages in their white satin and gold braided suits? What would the court of Francis I. have been without the troop of happy little children dressed as fauns and nymphs who danced before the king? What would Monseigneur Laval have done without the many little acolytes with their heavy candles, and choir boys with their hearty little voices who walked in his train? What would the pictures of old Quebec have been like without the little citoyens and citoyennes who played and ran about with their elders as they welcomed Champlain and his little bride, Marie de l'Incarnation, Madame de la Peltrie, and the nuns who came out with them, or as they trooped round about the messenger who came from Admiral Phipps? Oh, they were dear little citoyens, in their rough red worsted socks and tuques and blue blouses of the peasants, or in the velvets and laces and plumed hats of the aristocracy. There was one little couple, brother and sister, that the Editor nearly kidnapped, they were such little dears, she in her dull dark red kind of velvet dress with its spready out skirt and a close little cap that left two long curls bobbing about her cheeks, and her brother in his plum-colored velvet, with bows at his knees and a little three-cornered hat. And then there were the Indian children, running here and there, brown and plump little babies, sturdy boys, and brightly dressed girls, and they were as much in demand as the little white children. You should have seen how well the little Indian boys could dance the snake dance when the grown-ups, the Indian warriors, were dancing too. What did it matter if they got twisted and knotted a bit, they pulled the knots out and went on dancing right to the end. What can be said to describe the good times the children had at their fêtes, both on the Plains of Abraham and in Victoria Park? There were fireworks there, although it was daylight of course, wonderful fireworks that scattered ribbons, flowers, and little gifts among the excited children, that sent animals and fluttering, bowing people out of the smoke when they went off, or set free with a bang a whole flight of little parachutes. The Prince went to the children's fête on the Plains and enjoyed it as much as they did. How you would all have enjoyed seeing the soldiers and sailors marching down the winding road of Mountain Hill when the Prince went away, the bands everywhere, the cannon firing salutes, the great bursts of fireworks at night,—well, well, how you would have enjoyed it all. Dear, dear, what a long letter this is getting to be, as so many of you, my correspondents, say, 'If I don't stop soon there won't be room for any one else,' and this time that's pretty well true. However, the Editor doesn't often write, so perhaps you will allow this extra space for once, and then there never, never, will be another Quebec Tercentenary. This is really the end of this long letter, but such a lot more could have been said. Yours in the circle.

THE EDITOR.

L. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the third or fourth letter that I have written to the 'Messenger.' I am staying at my grandma's now, spending some of my vacation. I have one sister and two brothers. My little brother's name is Leslie. He is a little dear, but is awfully full of mischief though.

E. CLARE ANTHONY (age 11).

P.S.—I am going to send a drawing, and will try to do better next time.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Face.' Lela S. Acorn (age 13), M. V., P.E.I.
2. 'A Lady.' J. R. G. (age 15), Lenore, Man.
3. 'Hatchet.' Willie B. Towler (age 13), E., N.B.
4. 'Pump.' Amy Empey (age 10), O. C., Ont.
5. 'A Cow.' Robina Johnson, V., N.S.
6. 'One Gallon.' D. M. MacRae (age 9), G., Ont.
7. 'Tea-pot.' Alice Winger (age 7), S., Ont.
8. 'Canadian Flag.' Jean MacMillan (age 7), M., Ont.
9. 'Tulips.' Dorothy MacMillan (age 9), M., Ont.

LIKE POPCORN.

That's how a western boy describes the way his July 'Pictorials' sold—when, after disposing of 20 in a comparatively small place, he sent in a rush order for 20 of August.

And the July number is still in demand as well as the August number, and they will still be in demand for a long time yet, as people realize more and more what beautiful pictures the 'Pictorial' Tercentenary issues give of the Quebec celebration and at so small a sum. A school boy in British Columbia writes: 'We are going to have some of the pictures from the Tercentenary 'Pictorial' FRAMED FOR OUR SCHOOL.'

We can still supply either month at same figure. Six sold at 15 cents secures a Rogers jackknife; twelve, a camera; sixteen, a watch and chain, etc., etc. Boys who 'thought they couldn't' are making magnificent profits out of this. What about YOU?

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..HOUSEHOLD..

The Danger of Overwork.

For those of our readers who are brain workers, and who may begin to notice symptoms of unusual forgetfulness, and possibly a little creeping numbness in foot or leg or arm, a word upon this subject may be in season. It will not do to go on and not notice these premonitions of nature. If so a worse may follow, and indeed it is sure to follow unless a change of some kind is made. Travel is excellent if it can be made in some manner and to some place or places that are agreeable. Ocean travel is an almost sure remedy for this kind of nerve exhaustion—for that is what it is. But ocean travel may not be congenial or even possible for all. If one is inclined to be seasick it might not have a good effect, and at least would not be a very pleasant method of treatment. The thing required is to get some sort of recreation or amusement, or both, which will release the mind from its accustomed burden, and allow nature to resume her normal functions. Sight-seeing is good, but even that must not be indulged in too much. One of our best and most successful physicians recommends for nerve exhaustion for Americans a series of amusements and a course of passive exercise, together with frequent eating and drinking. Where it is possible he recommends such exercises as the health-lift furnishes—where the exercise, together with the massage and jolly company, give both body and mind a real relaxation from business cares, and at the same time furnish a pleasurable excitement to counterbalance the excitement of an opposite nature they have undergone. Seclusion and continued worry and work produce melancholy and nervous prostration, which is decidedly an American disease. It is found in European countries also, but to a limited extent. We inherit nervous constitutions of delicate texture, and although we are able to do a vast amount of work and do it well in a short time, we cannot keep at it forever. We find at last that life is not all work, and that we must have something else if we would make the most of it. 'All work and no play' makes Jack only a 'dull boy,' but if it be brain work, it takes all the boy out of him, and makes him old before his time. If he is a married man and of nervous temperament, his continuous business cares, with no outlet in the form of amusement or recreation for months and years together, may, and likely will, produce an irritation—more or less suppressed at the office, perhaps—that will make home anything but pleasant. For the same reason the wife may not be free from nervous irritation. Of course she has her troubles also; and although business care may not trouble her directly, still she feels the nervous irritation reflected almost instantly and unconsciously, it may be, from her husband; at all events she, too, is nervous. The conditions are ripe for family jars, and if they occur before the evening meal is served so much the worse, for there is no gastric juice, no stomach nerve-tone ready, and the food itself in that state really does harm. After a more or less fidgety evening, an uneasy bed follows, fraught with insomnia or general restlessness all night. In the morning there is a slight headache, little appetite, and a readiness for the best kind of work can hardly be expected.

What shall be done for such cases? Have an avocation as well as a vocation. Do, or get something, some plaything or some pastime, which will prove strong enough attraction to call you away from your regular occupations every day. Feed well and often, but simply. Take a tumbler of milk at a dairy or bowl of bouillon at a pharmacy if you can do no better. In these days of extracts of beef, mutton, chicken, clam, etc., there is no need for any one who can pay for them to go hungry.—'Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

SAUCE.—One-half cup butter, one cup sugar, two teaspoonfuls corn starch. Boil the corn starch in a cup of water and pour over the butter and sugar, which have been previously rubbed together. Add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a little nutmeg.

SUMMER SALAD.—Select six fresh cucumbers all the same size. Pare, cut in halves lengthwise, scoop out the centres and lay in water till wanted. Dry and fill with a mixture of sweetbreads and peas, dressed with mayonnaise. Set on a green lettuce leaf on individual plates. Serve with dainty plain bread and butter sandwiches.

Household Hints.

A cup of milk added to the water with which an oilcloth or oiled floor is to be washed gives lustre like new.

Cold baked potatoes may be warmed up and be as palatable as freshly baked ones, if they are dipped into hot water, and then put into the oven, care being taken that they remain there only long enough to get perfectly hot, but not long enough to become hard.

If a soft cloth is put into the steamer, and the slices of bread or cake to be steamed are laid in this, and the corners folded up over them before the steamer is closely covered, it will absorb the moisture which collects in the steamer, and the slices will be fresh, light and perfectly free from sogginess.

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A Touching Incident.

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred recently in one of the elevated railroad trains, that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The 'big brother,' who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

'How's that?' he asked.

'Nice,' said the little chap. 'Where's my 'monica?'

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the 'big brother' knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, 'Nearer my God, to Thee.' Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the 'Rock of Ages' and 'Abide with Me,' there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of 'Annie Laurie' or 'Home, Sweet Home.' Finally the 'big brother' leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed 'The Suwannee River' into 'Auld Lang Syne,' and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the 'big brother' carried the little one out of the car.—New York Paper.